The Noble FUNERA

Of that Renowned Champion the

Duke of GRAFTON,

VVho was Slain at the Siege of Cork, and Royally Interred in VVeſtminſter-Abby.

To the Tune of, Fond Boy: Or, Loves a ſweet Paſſion. Licenſed according to O

AS two men was walking down by the ſea ſide,
And the rare D. of *Grafton* was ſhot in his ſide,
they ſtepped unto him, and thus they did ſay, ſaid
Oh the rare D. of Grafton *is now caſt away:*
they ſent him to *Portſmouth*, with Royal Renown,
And from thence to fair *London*, being near the crown,

they divided his bowels, and laid at his feet,
Whilſt they imbalmed his body with ſpices ſo ſweet,
ſix weeks together they kept him from the clay,
While the Nobles appointed his Funeral day,
twelve Lords went before him, ſix bore *him to th' ground*
while the Drums and the trumpets did ſolemnly ſound.

in Weſtminſter-Abby its now call'd by name,
the Rare Duke of *Grafton* was bury'd in Fame
they ſighed and ſobbed, and ſpent their whole days
While our Gracious Queen *Mary* came weeping away.
When the rare Duke of *Grafton* lay deep in the clay,
then his Souldiers went wandering every way.

Beſides the whole Nation did ſeem [illegible]
with great Lamentation his Funeral Urn.
For this our brave Hero, who dy'd [illegible]
His ſtout noble ſpirit would never [illegible]
Unto the proud Foe, who with fear [illegible]
When that he in their ſights his bright [illegible]

But Death that grim King now [illegible]
(and left us in ſorrow and ſadneſs that day)
And ſent him a while for to lye in the duſt,
till Angels ſhall place him with Saints [illegible]
then let the brave Adions and Deeds be extol'd
Of the ſtout Duke of *Grafton* that Champion

His brave Noble Men with King [illegible]
to fight and bring down the proud
they made both the *French* and [illegible]
and run leaving thouſands of [illegible]
Where ever they came, the [illegible]
to avenge the brave [illegible]

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